TREASURY
OF
FAVORITE
POEMS

Presented to

Walton D. Suchowek.

By. Mr. and Mrs. H. Hartzell.

"May 31" — 00.

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June '79

"Then heigho! the holly!

A Treasury

OF

Favorite Poems

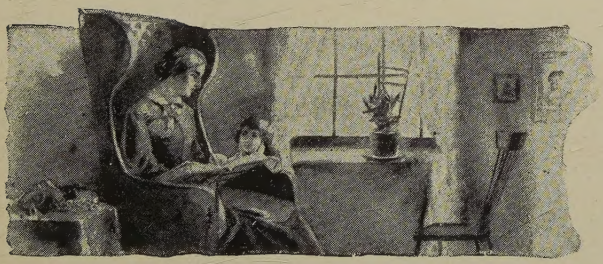
EDITED BY

Walter Learned

VIGNETTE EDITION. WITH ONE HUNDRED NEW ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

Joseph M. Gleeson



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PREFACE.

So many and such excellent collections of favorite poems have already been made that this volume contains but few poems that are not in some other collection. A new collection is, to a certain extent, but a turn of the kaleidoscope, a rearranging of the poems that live, not because they are collected, but which are collected because they live. So far, then, as it concerns the poems of the past, this volume is largely collected from collections. Time tries and sifts, and its verdict is clear and pronounced on the many poems to be found in all anthologies. Concerning the poems of to-day, an attempt has been made to include a few which seem to have a present and deserved popularity. To keep such a volume within the bounds of easy handling and reading is certainly to exclude a great deal of popular verse. The principle of selection cannot be easily defined, but it has been, perhaps, an attempt to include those poems which the majority of intelligent people would care for most, which touch some popular chord, which are most likely to be cut out for the scrapbook.

The thanks of the editor are due to The Century

Company for their permission to use the poem by R. W. Gilder; to Charles Scribner's Sons, for their permission to use the poems of R. H. Stoddard, Sidney Lanier, and J. G. Holland; to J. B. Lippincott & Co., for the use of the poem by George Henry Boker; to S. C. Griggs & Co., for the use of poems of Benjamin F. Taylor, and to W. S. Gottsberger & Co., for use of poems by Rose Terry Cooke.

The poems by H. W. Longfellow, T. B. Aldrich, R. W. Emerson, E. R. Sill, E. C. Stedman, Bayard Taylor, Celia Thaxter, Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. D. Howells, Lucy Larcom, James Russell Lowell, John G. Whittier, Charles Henry Webb, and James T. Fields are used by permission of and by arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishlishers of their books.

The editor also gratefully acknowledges the kindness and courtesy of the authors who have permitted him to use their poems.

A TREASURY OF
FAVORITE POEMS.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist:
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,

Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gush'd from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice;
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be fill'd with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TO MEMORY.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, the opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

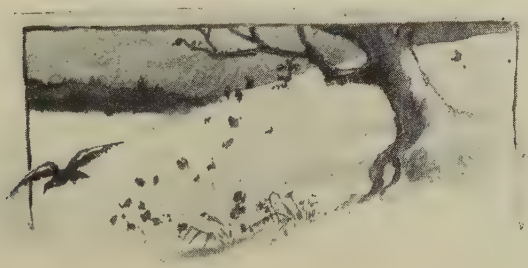
I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me; I must not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

"CLOSED ARE HER DOORS ON ME."



"Earth seem'd a desert."

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Charles Lamb. "All, all are gone."

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

"THE LITTLE WINDOW WHERE THE SUN CAME PEEPING IN AT MORN."

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather:

"I FEEL LIKE ONE WHO TREADS ALONE SOME BANQUET-HALL DESERTED."

I feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with you!

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night—

Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles;

"BUT THE SCENT OF THE ROSES WILL HANG ROUND IT STILL."

Too blest if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy!
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd;
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields.
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup or broth or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at TERRÉ'S tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.

And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheek'd écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is TERRÉ still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace:
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.
"How's Monsieur TERRÉ, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner,
So honest TERRÉ's run his race."
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
"Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one."—"That I can, sir:
The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So TERRÉ's gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustom'd corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustom'd corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanish'd many a busy year is
This well-known chair since last I took.

"A GRIZZLED, GRIM OLD FOGY, I SIT AND WAIT FOR BOUILLABAISSE."

When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi,*
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now, a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's JACK has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing TOM is laughing yet;
There's brave AUGUSTUS drives his carriage;
There's poor old FRED in the *Gazette;*
On JAMES'S head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagg'd apace
Since here we set the Claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face look'd fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
—There's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

Welcome the wine whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse.

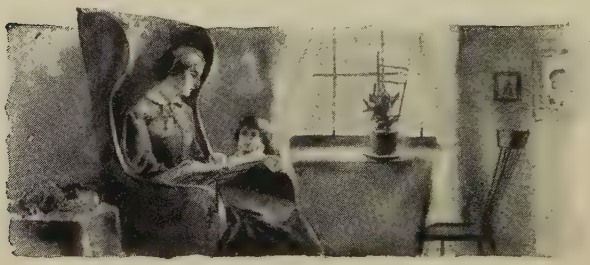
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray:
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
And turn'd from her Bible, to bless her child.



"In childhood's hour I linger'd near the hallow'd seat."

Years roll'd on: but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd; my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me; 'twas there she died;
And Memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it; and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

Eliza Cook.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-
hood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood."

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild
wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood
by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the
well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hung in the
well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

SHIPS AT SEA.

I HAVE ships that went to sea
More than fifty years ago;
None have yet come home to me,
But are sailing to and fro.
I have seen them in my sleep,
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tattered sails and battered hulls,
While around them screamed the gulls
Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they stayed
From me, sailing round the world,
And I said :—" I'm half afraid
That their sails will ne'er be furled."
Great the treasures that they hold,
Silks and plumes and bars of gold;
While the spices that they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air
As they sail, as they sail.

Ah, each sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Of the winds and waves the sport,
And the sailors pity me.
Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And, contented, watch the tide
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights for many years,
Till I turned heart-sick away.
But the pilots when they land
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying :—" You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail;

And some day when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ships will sail.
I shall then buy all I need,
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art,
Everything—except a heart;
That is lost, that is lost!

Once, when I was pure and young,
Richer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine;
But she's something now divine,
And, though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me,
Evermore, evermore!

ROBERT BARRY COFFIN
("BARRY GRAY").

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three,—
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead).

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER
("BARRY CORNWALL").

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call—
Give me them!—and the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home, sweet, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

"AN EXILE FROM HOME, SPLENDOR DAZZLES IN VAIN."

KEN YE THE LAN'?

(After Goethe's Song of Mignon.)

KEN ye the land o' the laigh gray skies,
Whaur the green pine nods, an' the wild bird cries;

Whaur the heather blooms an' the gowan grows,
An' sweet is the scent o' the briar-rose?
Ken ye the 'an'?
I am fain, I am fain,
Tae see the blue hills o' my ain lan' again.

Ken ye the path ow'r the weary sea,
Wi' the loupin' waves an' the blawing bree?—
Alane wi' God, wi' nae lan' in sicht;
But the east fornenst wi' the dawn is bricht.
Ken ye the path?
I am fain, I am fain,
Tae feel the saut win' i' my face again.

Ken ye the fowk i' the mirk, alane,
Whase ears are gleg for the stap o' their ain?
Their words may be cauld, but their hearts are aflame;
"Ye've been lang awa'; ye are welcome hame."
Ken ye the fowk?
I am fain, I am fain,
Tae see the dear licht o' their faces again.

JOHN T. NAPIER.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

"AROUND MY IVIED PORCH SHALL SPRING EACH FRAGRANT FLOWER THAT DRINKS THE DEW."

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Sabbata pango;
Funera plango;
Solemnia clango.

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL.

WITH deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee—

With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican—
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk, oh,
In Saint Sophia
  The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
  Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
  More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

FRANCIS MAHONY
("FATHER PROUT").

DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS, TENDER AND TRUE.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,

"COULD YE COME BACK TO ME, DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS, IN THE OLD LIKENESS THAT I KNEW."

I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

DINAH MULOCH CRAIK.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashion'd country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw:
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

"POINTS AND BECKONS WITH ITS HANDS, LIKE A MONK, WHO, UNDER HIS CLOAK."

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,

Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roar'd;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children play'd,
There youths and maidens dreaming stray'd;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding-night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that follow'd the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

All are scatter'd now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again,"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TOO LATE.

"*Ah! si la jeunesse savait,—si la vieillesse pouvait!*"

THERE sat an old man on a rock,
And unceasing bewailed him of Fate,—
That concern where we all must take stock
Though our vote has no bearing or weight;
And the old man sang him an old, old song,—
Never sang voice so clear and strong
That it could drown the old man's long,
For he sang the song, "Too late! too late!"

When we want, we have for our pains
The promise that if we but wait
Till the want has burned out of our brains,
Every means shall be present to sate;
While we send for the napkin the soup gets cold,
While the bonnet is trimming the face grows old,
When we've matched our buttons the pattern is sold,
And everything comes too late,—too late!

"When strawberries seemed like red heavens,—
Terrapin stew a wild dream,—
When my brain was at sixes and sevens,
If my mother had 'folks' and ice-cream,
Then I gazed with a lickerish hunger
At the restaurant-man and fruit-monger,—
But oh! how I wished I were younger
When the goodies all came in a stream, in a stream!

"I've a splendid blood horse, and—a liver
That it jars into torture to trot;
My row-boat's the gem of the river,—
Gout makes every knuckle a knot!
I can buy boundless credits on Paris and Rome,
But no palate for *ménus*—no eyes for a dome,—
Those belonged to the youth who must tarry at home,
When no home but an attic he'd got,—he'd got!

"How I longed, in the lonest of garrets,
When the tiles baked my brains all July,
For ground to grow two pecks of carrots,
Two pigs of my own in a sty,
A rosebush—a little thatched cottage,—
Two spoons—love—a basin of pottage!—
Now in freestone I sit,—and my dotage,—
With a woman's chair empty close by,—close by!

"Ah! now, though I sit on a rock,
I have shared one seat with the great;
I have sat—knowing naught of the clock—
On love's high throne of state;
But the lips that kissed, and the arms that caressed,
To a mouth grown stern with delay were pressed,
And circled a breast that their clasp had blessed
Had they only not come too late,—too late!"

FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

WAITING FOR THE MAY.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study
To the fair young face and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning
When the summer-beams are burning
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—

Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where in laughter and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away—
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

DENNIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother sitting,
Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting,—
"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;

"WHAT'S THAT NOISE THAT I HEAR AT THE WINDOW?"

Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun'?"
There's a form at the casement,—the form of her true love,—
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat,—longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps,—then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

AN UNTIMELY THOUGHT.

I WONDER what day of the week—
I wonder what month of the year—
Will it be midnight, or morning,
And who will bend over my bier?

—What a hideous fancy to come
As I wait, at the foot of the stair,
While Lilian gives the last touch
To her robe, or the rose in her hair.

Do I like your new dress—pompadour?
And do I like *you?* On my life,
You are eighteen, and not a day more,
And have not been six years my wife.

Those two rosy boys in the crib
Up-stairs are not ours, to be sure!—
You are just a sweet bride in her bloom,
All sunshine, and snowy, and pure.

As the carriage rolls down the dark street
The little wife laughs and makes cheer—
But . . . I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month of the year.

T. B. Aldrich.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,

And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

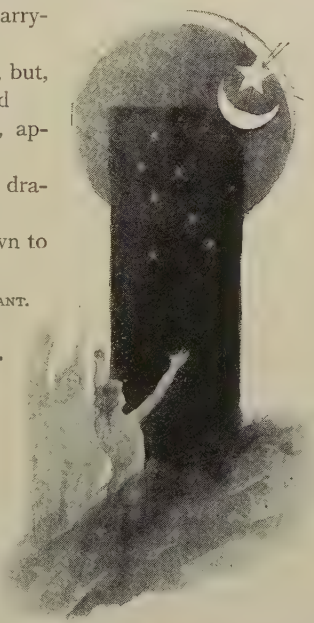
"THE SOLEMN BROOD OF CARE PLOD ON."

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all,

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gather'd to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



"WHEN OUR FIRST PARENT KNEW THEE FROM REPORT DIVINE."

NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,

And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

BLANCO WHITE.

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'M wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, Jean,
Sae free the battle fought, Jean,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glistening e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, Jean,
Your day it's wearin' thro', Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's cares are vain, Jean,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

LADY CAROLINA NAIRNE.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee;—
Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the West
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.

"THE INDIAN KNOWS HIS PLACE OF REST."

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth!—
Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And naught beyond, O earth!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

LIFE.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;

"THEN STEAL AWAY, GIVE LITTLE WARNING."

—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-Morning.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

TOMMY'S DEAD.

YOU may give over plough, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead,
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.

The seed's waste, I know, boys,
There's not a blade will grow, boys,
'Tis cropp'd out, I trow, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,
He's going blind, as I said,
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed;
The cow's dry and spare, boys,
She's neither here nor there, boys,
I doubt she's badly bred;
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,
There'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red;
There's no sign of grass, boys,
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,
The land's not what it was, boys,
And the beasts must be fed;
You may turn Peg away, boys,
You may pay off old Ned,
We've had a dull day, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,
Let me turn my head;
She's standing there in the door, boys,
Your sister Winifred!
Take her away from me, boys,
Your sister Winifred!
Move me round in my place, boys,
Let me turn my head,

Take her away from me, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed,
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed!
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all's done and said,
But I see her looking at me, boys,
Wherever I turn my head;
Out of the big oak tree, boys,
Out of the garden bed,
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,
But I think it's not in my head,
I've kept my precious sight, boys,—
The Lord be hallowéd!
Outside and in
The ground is cold to my tread,
The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shrivell'd and shred,
The hedges down by the loan
I can count them bone by bone,
The leaves are open and spread,
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head.
There's nothing but cinders and sand,
The rat and the mouse have fed,
And the summer's empty and cold;
Over valley and wold
Wherever I turn my head

There's a mildew and a mould,
The sun's going out overhead,
And I'm very old,
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys?
You're all born and bred,
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,
Since wife and I were wed,
And she's gone before, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
Upon his curly head,
She knew she'd never see't, boys,
And she stole off to bed;
I've been sitting up alone, boys,
For he'd come home, he said,
But it's time I was gone, boys,
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,
Bring out the beer and bread,
Make haste and sup, boys,
For my eyes are heavy as lead;
There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
There's something ill wi' the bread,
I don't care to sup, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,
I've such a sleepy head,

I shall nevermore be stout, boys,
You may carry me to bed.
What are you about, boys?
The prayers are all said,
The fire's raked out, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,
You may carry me to the head,
The night's dark and deep, boys,
Your mother's long in bed,
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys,
You may shake my hand instead.
All things go amiss, boys,
You may lay me where she is, boys,
And I'll rest my old head:
'Tis a poor world, this, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

SIDNEY DOBELL.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead:
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair:
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchell'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and color'd hair:
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot *make* him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watch'd over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,

With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be *saying*,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

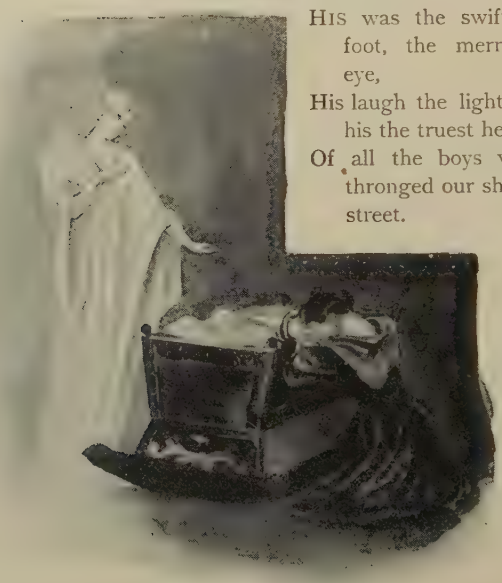
Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear;
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe lock'd;—*he* is not there!

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is *there!*

JOHN PIERPONT.

PROMOTED.



HIS was the swiftest foot, the merriest eye,
His laugh the lightest, his the truest heart,
Of all the boys who thronged our shady street.

"A FORM, MAJESTIC, STOOD WITHIN MY ROOM."

The strength of his lithe limbs seemed measureless;
The courage of his loving, brave, young heart
Was like a star, undimmed by cloud or storm.
And I had said,—I,—in my dull, blind way,
"I shall be never lonely, never sad."

One day,—the sun shone bright,—I know not why,
A pierced hand knocked at my vine-clad door,
A form, majestic, stood within my room.
Alas! I knew that voice, those tear-dimmed eyes,
And trembled. But my child, pressed to his side,
Followed the tender calling, and has gone.

And now my boy, my *little* boy, knows more
Than poets dream, or wisest teachers tell.
No mortal eyes can see what his have seen,
No ear can catch the music that he hears.
For he, whose mirth filled all my quiet house,
Is standing with the singing seraphim;
But I am blinded with these rushing tears
To think that he is there,—and I am here.

MARY S. BACON.

THE RECONCILIATION.

As thro' the land at eve we went,
  And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
We fell out—I know not why—
  And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling-out
  That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
  And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
  We lost in other years,

There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge:
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"When unto dying eyes."

"THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY."

COULD we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low,—
Ah if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil,
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only,—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

E. C. STEDMAN.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

OVER the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,

And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river-shore;

"OVER THE RIVER, ON THE HILL,
LIETH A VILLAGE WHITE AND STILL."

And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh;
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall:
"Patience! that village shall hold you all!"

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me, —
Loved ones who've cross'd to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drown'd in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He cross'd in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river, the boatman pale
Carried another,—the household pet:
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.

She cross'd on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly enter'd the phantom bark;
We watch'd it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransom'd and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,—
And lo! they have pass'd from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know, that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;

I shall know the loved who have gone before,—
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

NANCY A. W. WAKEFIELD.

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

IN MEMORIAM.

FAREWELL! since never more for thee
The sun comes up our eastern skies,
Less bright henceforth shall sunshine be
To some fond hearts and saddened eyes.

There are who for thy last, long sleep
Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore,—
Shall weep because thou canst not weep,
And grieve that all thy griefs are o'er.

Sad thrift of love! the loving breast
On which the aching head was thrown,
Gave up the weary head to rest,
But kept the aching for its own.

T. K. Hervey.

CROSSING THE BAR.

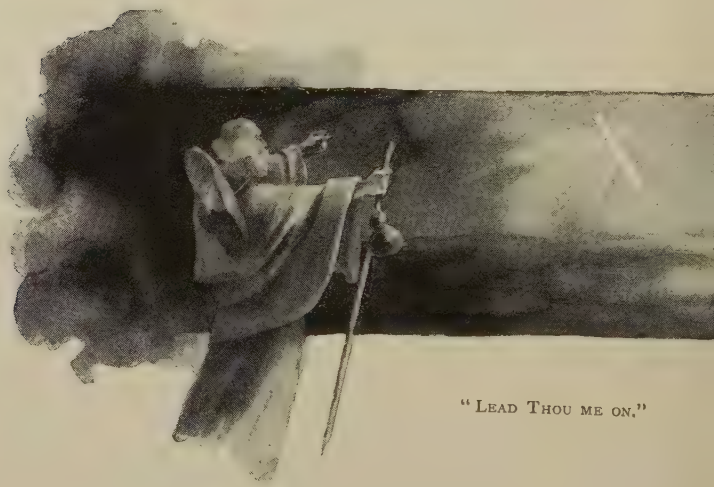
Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Alfred Tennyson.



"LEAD THOU ME ON."

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the Summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flower may fade and pass away;
They only wait through the Wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An aged form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our sweetest, fairest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad the scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the Tree of Life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for sin and vice,
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same
Except in sin and pain.

And even near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress;
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully,
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old, familiar way,
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,

"When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night."

The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead;
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

Belle Eugenia Smith.

"WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME."

When the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot, where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer blooms or winter snows,
Shall wake me to your sighing;
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, "How kind she was,"
You will say, "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to Earth's warm bosom;

While I laugh, or weep, or sing
Nevermore for anything;
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet, small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, beloved, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait—
Knowing that or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow;
When your heart will moan, "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was"—
When the grass grows over me!

ANON.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;

Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SEGOVIA AND MADRID.

IT sings to me in sunshine,
It whispers all day long,
My heart-ache, like an echo,
Repeats the wistful song;
Only a quaint old love-lilt,
Wherein my life is hid,—
"My body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid!"

I dream, and wake, and wonder,
For dream and day are one;
Alight with vanished faces,
And days forever done.
They smile and shine around me
As long ago they did;
For my body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid!

Through inland hills and forests
I hear the ocean breeze,
The creak of straining cordage,
The rush of mighty seas,
The lift of angry billows
Through which a swift keel slid;
For my body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid.

Oh, fair-haired little darlings,
Who bore my heart away!

"Oh, fair-haired little darlings
Who bore my heart away!"

A wide and woeful ocean
Between us roars to-day;
Yet am I close beside you,
Though time and space forbid;
My body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid.

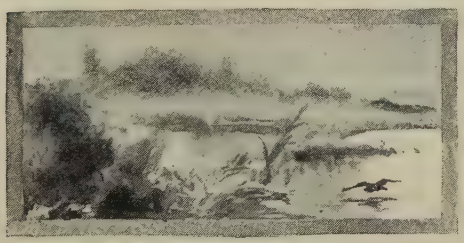
If I were once in heaven,
There would be no more sea;
My heart would cease to wander,
My sorrows cease to be;
My sad eyes sleep forever,
In dust and daisies hid,
And my body leave Segovia,
—Would my soul forget Madrid?

Rose Terry Cooke.

ELEGY.

Written in a Country Churchyard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.



"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight."

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

"Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile."

Can storied urn or animated bust
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
  Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
  Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

"Th' applause of list'ning senates to command."

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
  Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
  E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
  Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
  Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth;
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had,—a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven—'twas all he wish'd—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

THE GREATER WORLD.

WHEN you forget the beauty of the scene
Where you draw breath and sleep,
Leave city walls for gleams of sky that lean
To hills where forests creep.

The heights, the fields, the wide-winged air
Make the embracing day;
Not city streets. That little life of care
Steals our great joys away.

Live with the spaces, wake with bird and cloud,
Spread sentient with the elm;
Our home is nature, even to the proud
Arcs of the sunset's realm.

Then say the scene God made is glorious!
Breathe deep and smile again.
The glow and noble dusks, victorious,
Disperse regrets and pain.

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

THE WORLD.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Sept. 3, 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses, seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"OH, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee."
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,

To her grave beside the sea.
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HOW'S MY BOY.

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy,—my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what ship sailed he?"

"My boy John,—
He that went to sea,—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have ask'd some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But know's my John.

"How's my boy,—my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,—
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no,—
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'"—
"Speak low, woman, speak low!'

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy,—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy,—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother,—
How's my boy,—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy,—my boy?"

SYDNEY DOBELL.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west, as the sun went down,
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;

For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;

"BUT MEN MUST WORK, AND WOMEN MUST WEEP,
THOUGH STORMS BE SUDDEN, AND WATERS DEEP."

They look'd at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE TOYS.

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,

And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we die with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood,
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

COVENTRY PATMORE.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! drowned!"—*Hamlet.*

ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,—
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

"But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river."

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed:

Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
  Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
  With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
  Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
  Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
  Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
  Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
  Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
  The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
  Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
  Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
  Smooth and compose them;
  And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
  Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
  Fix'd on futurity.

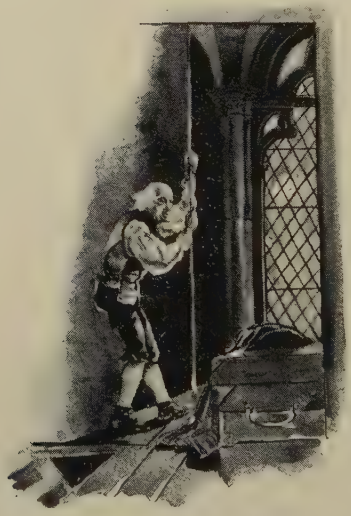
Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
  Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
  Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
  Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
  Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.



"TOLL YE THE CHURCH-BELL SAD AND SLOW."

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love.
And the New year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;

So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low.
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die.

Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS ARE COME."

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest
cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life
so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young
friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"When I consider how my light is spent."

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
Doth God exact day labor, light deny'd,
I fondly ask? but patience to prevent
That murmur soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

JOHN MILTON.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on;
To their haven under the hill;

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!"

But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

"IT CAME AGAIN WITH A GREAT WAKENING LIGHT."

And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

TOO LATE.

"LATE, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

"No light had we: for that we do repent;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

"No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!
O let us in, that we may find the light!
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

'Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A SECRET.

'TIS not in seeking,
'Tis not in endless striving,
Thy quest is found:
Be still and listen;
Be still and drink the quiet
Of all around.

Not for thy crying,
Not for thy loud beseeching,
Will peace draw near;
Rest with palms folded;
Rest with thine eyelids fallen—
Lo! peace is here.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,

"Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December."

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you."—Here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"—
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore,
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door,—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore,—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his song one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore—
Of 'Never'—'Nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er—
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil,—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I
shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's
Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust
above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my cham-
ber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies float-
ing on the floor,
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THANKSGIVING.

LORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still:
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer:
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement:
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

W. D. HOWELLS

THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done,—the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,—
Let's close it with a parting rhyme;
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As flits the merry Christmas time;
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts
That fate erelong shall bid you play;

Good night!—with honest, gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

Good night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age;
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men,—
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys,—
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys;
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say how fate may change and shift,—
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift:
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessèd be He who took and gave!

Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit,—
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

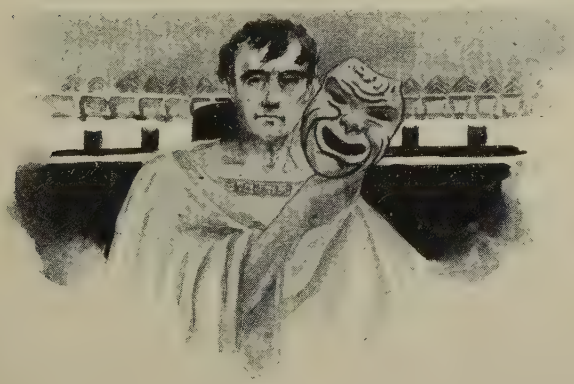
So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen!—whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize,—
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays,)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead,—
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still,—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

W. M. Thackeray.



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarr'd and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wreck'd and scatter'd galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that fell'd him.
'Twas his own that struck the blow.
His who, pillow'd on thy bosom,
Turn'd aside from glory's ray,
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base Plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome.

Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widow'd home,

"I AM DYING, EGYPT, DYING."

Seek her; say the gods bear witness—
Altars, augurs, circling wings—

That her blood, with mine commingled,
  Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
  Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
  With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
  Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
  Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
  Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.
They are coming! quick, my falchion,
  Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
  Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
  Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

CLEOPATRA.

HERE, Charmian, take my bracelets,
  The bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows—
  They are hot where I have lain:
Open the lattice wider.
  A gauze on my bosom throw,

And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
And in his arms I lay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished—
The music has died away.
The flame and the perfume have perished—
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves,
They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep:
Reach down the lute, and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the slow smooth Nile,
Through slender papyri, that cover
The wary crocodile.
The lotus lolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf-pavement
Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,

And yon little cloud is as motionless
As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder—
For lightning and wild fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty—
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers—
That flashes across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings!
Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There—leave me, and take from my chamber
That stupid little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him,—my nerves he vexes,—
The thing without blood or brain,—

Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
Mistily stretching away,
Where the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play:
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in a crucible,
Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald blear skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowned,
That burning like molten jewels
Circle its temples round.
I will lie and dream of the past time,
Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed
I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started,
When he heard my footstep near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.

I sucked in the noontide splendor,
  Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
  Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I hear my wild mate roaring,
  As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches
  And the shadow of sleep was gone;

"How powerful he was and grand."

Then I roused, and roared in answer,
  And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
  And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
  Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms—
  How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
  As he crouched and gazed at me,

And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
  Twitched curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
  With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met, as two clouds in heaven
  When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
  For his love, like his rage, was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
  At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor—
  For I was flexile and fair—
Fought for me in the moonlight,
  While I lay crouching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
  And ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
  To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
  Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
  Ere they had time to shrink,
We drank their blood and crushed them,
  And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
  Ere he disputed with him.
That was a life to live for!
  Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous bloodless passions,
  Its poor and petty strife!

Come to my arms, my hero,
The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior storms a fortress!
I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as you came in the desert,
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
And love as you loved me then!

W. W. Story.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturn'd the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever pass'd on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—

Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

"PERCHANCE THE LION STALKING,
STILL SHUNS THAT HALLOW'D SPOT."

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Look'd on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;

And never earth's philosopher
  Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
  As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,—
  The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
  With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes,
  Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
  To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
  Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
  Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
  On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
  With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
  O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
  And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
  Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
  Of him He loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.

WITH some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appeared
Before them all in the palace hall, the lying King to beard;
With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frowned, and flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the King, "who comest unbid to me;
But what from traitor's blood should spring, save traitors like to thee?
His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance our champion brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave."

"Whoever told this tale the King hath rashness to repeat,"
Cries Bernard, "here my gage I fling before THE LIAR'S feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie;
Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny?

"The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves of France;

The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval,—
Your words, Lord King, are recompense abundant for it all.

"Your horse was down,—your hope was flown,—I saw the falchion shine,
That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured mine;
But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate;
You've thanked the son for life and crown by the father's bloody fate.

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith, to set Don Sancho free;
But, curse upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did see;
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
And visage blind, and stiffened limb, were all they gave to me.

"The King that swerveth from his word hath stained his purple black;
No Spanish lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back;
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show,—
The King hath injured Carpio's line and Bernard is his foe."

"Seize, seize him!" loud the King doth scream;
"there are a thousand here!
Let his foul blood this instant stream. What! caitiffs, do ye fear?
Seize, seize the traitor!"—But not one to move a finger dareth,
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,
And all the hall was still as death; cries Bernard:
"Here am I,—
And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting heaven and me;
Fain would I know who dares his point,—King, Conde, or Grandee."

Then to his mouth the horn he drew (it hung below his cloak);
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke;
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand and the false King to quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso, "what means this warlike guise?
Ye know full well I jested,—ye know your worth I prize."

But Bernard turned upon his heel, and smiling
passed away;
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of
that day.

J. G. Lockhart.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard,
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,
Then press'd that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke :
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"
He woke, to die 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :
"Strike, till the last arm'd foe expires ;
Strike, for your altars and your fires ;
Strike, for the green graves of your sires ;
God and your native land !"

They fought, like brave men, long and well ;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death,
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;

Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake-shock, the ocean-storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought,
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought,
Come in her crowning hour, and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prison'd men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,

Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.

But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birth-day bells,
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives, for thy sake, a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

IVRY.

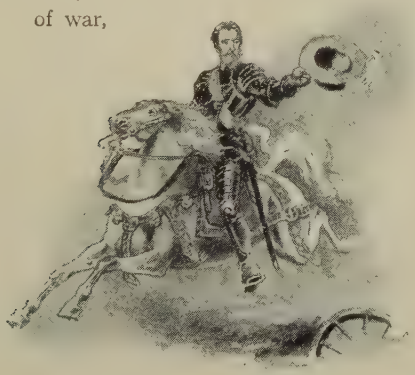
A Song of the Huguenots.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turn'd the chance of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses
of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon
in his hand:
And, as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's
empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his
blood;

And we cried unto the living
God, who rules the fate
of war,



"PRESS WHERE YE SEE MY WHITE PLUME SHINE."

To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of
Navarre.
The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor
drest,

And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies! upon them with the lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turn'd his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was pass'd from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?
Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his Church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,

And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valor
of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories
are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of
Navarre.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I gallop'd, Dirck gallop'd, we gallop'd all three,
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew;
"Speed!" echo'd the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we gallop'd abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place;
I turn'd in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shorten'd each stirrup, and set the pique
right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chain'd slacker the bit,
Nor gallop'd less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawn'd clear;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leap'd of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other prick'd out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groan'd; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos gallop'd bravely, the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix—" for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretch'd neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shudder'd and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laugh'd a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasp'd Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Roll'd neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, lean'd, patted his ear,
Call'd my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapp'd my hands, laugh'd and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland gallop'd and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I pour'd down his throat our last measure of wine,

"Till at length into Aix Roland gallop'd and stood.

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

Robert Browning.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(Oh ride as though you were flying!)

Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his Rose of the Isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(Oh ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers stagger'd and sank;
Bridles were slacken'd, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted, and falter'd, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying.
The king look'd back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They pass'd the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropp'd; and only the king rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn

An echo return'd on the cold gray morn,
  Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride.
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
  Who had yearn'd for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
    Stood weary.
The king return'd from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
  And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gush'd forth which he strove to check;
He bow'd his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed—that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
  To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CAROLINE NORTON.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

IT was the schooner Hesperus,
  That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
  To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
  Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
  That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main:
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;

He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,

Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Look soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Loch Gyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this—Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men,
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spake the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this, the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd, amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely arm she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"'COME BACK! COME BACK!' HE CRIED IN GRIEF."

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return, or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,—
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,—
He rode all unarm'd and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none,
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter,—my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;

And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely, by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine and he threw down the cup.

"So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung."

She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar:
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace,
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridemaidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'M sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek;
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary;
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;

"I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary."

But, oh! they love the better still
  The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
  My blessing and my pride:
There's nothing left to care for now,
  Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
  That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
  And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
  And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
  Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
  When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
  And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
  When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
  Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
  My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
  In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
  And the sun shines always there—

But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies!
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye come hame,
When a' the world to sleep are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel and sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown, he had naething else beside
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
He hadna been gane a week but only twa,
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was stown awa';
My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courting me.

My father couldna work—and my mither couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, will you no marry me?"

My heart it said na; I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high and the ship it was a wrack;
The ship it was a wrack—why didna Jennie dee?
Oh, why do I live to say, Oh, wae's me!

"I WISH THAT I WERE DEAD, BUT I'M NO LIKE TO DEE."

My father argued sair: my mither didna speak;
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break:
They gie'd him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea;
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee."

Oh, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
Oh, why do I live to say, Oh, wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be;
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

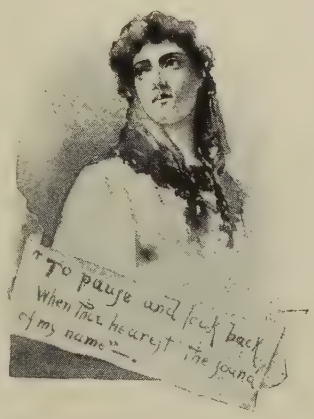
LADY ANNE LINDSAY.

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY.

A PLACE in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim;
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name.
Another may woo thee nearer,
Another may win and wear;

I care not though he be
dearer,
If I am remembered
there.

Remember me,—not as a
lover
Whose hope was cross-
ed,
Whose bosom can never
recover
The light it hath
lost;
As the young bride re-
members the mother
She loves, though she
never may see,
As a sister remembers a brother,
Oh, dearest! remember me.



"LOOK BACK WHEN THOU HEAREST."

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
Could'st thou smile on me,
I would be the fondest and nearest
That ever loved thee!
But a cloud on my pathway is glooming,
That never must burst upon thine;
And Heaven, that made thee all blooming,
Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me, then—oh, remember
My calm, light, pure love;
Though bleak as the blasts of November
My life may prove,

That life will, though lonely, be sweet,
If its brightest enjoyment should be
A smile and kind word when we meet,
And a place in thy memory.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
Nay I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;

Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain

Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,

--Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE WANDERER.

(Rondel.)

LOVE comes back to his vacant dwelling,—
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!

We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.

He makes as though in our arms repelling,
He fain would lie as he lay before;—
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling,—
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!

Ah, who shall help us from over-telling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden lore!
E'en as we doubt in our heart once more,
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LOVE NOT.

LOVE not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away
Ere they have blossom'd for a few short hours.
Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change!
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;

The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not!

Love not! oh, warning vainly said
In present hours as in years gone by;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not!

CAROLINE NORTON.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past,

Thy image at our last embrace,—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening, green,
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;

The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?

"NEVER MET—OR NEVER PARTED,
WE HAD NE'ER BEEN BROKEN-HEARTED."

Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy—
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh;
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns, nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel:
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

LORD BYRON.

THE DYING LOVER.

THE grass that is under me now
Will soon be over me, sweet;

When you walk this way again
I shall not hear your feet.

You may walk this way again,
And shed your tears like dew;
They will be no more to me then
Than mine are now to you!

R. H. Stoddard.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

Charles Kingsley.

LUCY.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love;

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

"BUT SHE IS IN HER GRAVE, AND, OH! THE DIFFERENCE TO ME!"

ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;

"I WAS A CHILD AND SHE WAS A CHILD,
IN THIS KINGDOM BY THE SEA."

So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,

Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ADIEU.

LET time and chance combine, combine,
Let time and chance combine;
The faintest hope from heaven above,
That love of yours was mine,
My dear,
That love of yours was mine.

The past is fled and gone, and gone,
The past is fled and gone;
If nought but pain to me remain,
I'll fare in memory on,
My dear,
I'll fare in memory on.

The saddest tears must fall, must fall,
The saddest tears must fall;
In weal or woe, in this world below,
I love you ever and all,
My dear
I love you ever and all.

A long road full of pain, of pain,
A long road full of pain;
One soul, one heart, sworn ne'er to part,
We ne'er can meet again,
My dear,
We ne'er can meet again.

Hard fate will not allow, allow,
Hard fate will not allow;
We blessed were as the angels are,—
Adieu forever, now,
My dear,
Adieu forever, now.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.

That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She pluck'd that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think;
The shutters are shut—no light may pass,
Save two long rays thro' the hinges' chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares;
And now was quiet, now astir—
Till God's hand beckon'd unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What! your soul was pure and true;
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals—naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love;
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delay'd, it may be, for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;

"Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few."

Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth—in the years long still—
That body and soul so gay?
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gain'd me the gains of various men,
Ransack'd the ages, spoil'd the climes;
Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scope,
Either I miss'd or itself miss'd me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seem'd full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
So hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

CHANGES.

WHOM first we love, you know, we seldom wed,
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear;
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed, His care,
And yet, I know the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes, I know;
And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!)
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago;

Who might have been . . . ah, what I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times; and some too gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
  And not by what we are—too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
  These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall
    know all!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

WHAT IS HE BUZZING IN MY EARS?

WHAT is he buzzing in my ears?
  Now that I come to die,
Do I view the world as a vale of tears?
  Ah, reverend sir, not I.

What I viewed there once, what I view again,
  Where the physic bottles stand
On the table's edge, is a suburb lane,
  With a wall to my bedside hand.

That lane sloped, much as the bottles do,
  From a house you could descry
O'er the garden-wall. Is the curtain blue
  Or green to a healthy eye?

To mine, it serves for the old June weather,
  Blue above lane and wall;
And that farthest bottle, labelled "Ether,"
  Is the house o'ertopping all.

At a terrace somewhat near its stopper,
  There watched for me, one June,

A girl—I know, sir, it's improper;
My poor mind's out of tune.

Only there was a way—you crept
Close by the side, to dodge
Eyes in the house—two eyes except.
They styled their house "The Lodge."

What right had a lounger up their lane?
But by creeping very close,
With the good wall's help their eyes might strain
And stretch themselves to oes,

Yet never catch her and me together,
As she left the attic—there,
By the rim of the bottle labelled "Ether"—
And stole from stair to stair,

And stood by the rose-wreathed gate. Alas!
We loved, sir; used to meet.
How sad and bad and mad it was!
But then, how it was sweet!

ROBERT BROWNING.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;

For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipp'd my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly,
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly;
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE OLD DOG.

WHEN all the world is young,
lad,
And all the trees are green ;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen ;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away ;
Young blood must have its course,
lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown ;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down :
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among :
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

AUX ITALIENS.

AT Paris it was, at the opera there ;—
And she look'd like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore ;
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow ;
And who was not thrill'd in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burn'd low,
"*Non ti scordar di me*" ?

The emperor there, in his box of state,
Look'd grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye :
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride betroth'd and I ;
My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad;
Like a queen she lean'd on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had,
So confident of her charm!

"LIKE A QUEEN SHE LEAN'D ON HER FULL WHITE ARM."

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well, for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress trees together,

In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),
And her warm white neck in its golden chain,
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast,
(Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest,
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seem'd then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over,
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her, and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold;

"When we stood 'neath the cypress trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime."

Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unroll'd.

And I turn'd and look'd : she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage, and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full, soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast.

I was here : and she was there :
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between,
From my bride betroth'd, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade.
(In short, from the future back to the past
There was but a step to be made.)

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I look'd. Then I stole to the door.
I traversed the passage, and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed,
But she loves me now, and she loved me then !

And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
  My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
  She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,
And but for her,—well, we'll let that pass—
  She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
  With her primrose face, for old things are best,
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
  The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is fill'd with folly and sin,
  And love must cling where it can, I say,
For beauty is easy enough to win,
  But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
  There's a moment when all would go smooth and
      even,
If only the dead could find out when
  To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmine flower!
  And oh, that music! and oh, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower:
  Non ti scordar di me,
      Non ti scordar di me!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, O, tell me, before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now,—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

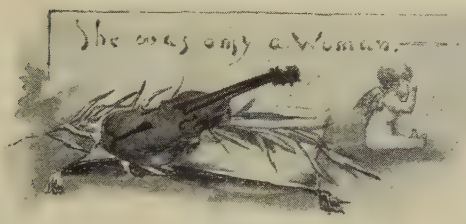
Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?—
It may not be thy fault alone,—but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;

Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my Fate,—
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I
would risk it all!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.



SHE was only a woman, famish'd for loving,
Mad with devotion, and such slight things;
And he was a very great musician,
And used to finger his fiddle-strings.

Her heart's sweet gamut is cracking and breaking
For a look, for a touch,—for such slight things;
But he's such a very great musician,
Grimacing and fing'ring his fiddle-strings.

THEOPHILE MARZIALS.

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED.

ONE word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdain'd
For thee to disdain it.

One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And Pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not:
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

THOMAS MOORE.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

SUMMER.

THE little gate was reach'd at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She push'd it wide, and, as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said, "*Auf Wiedersehen!*"

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again,
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said, "*Auf Wiedersehen!*"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she, "*Auf Wiedersehen!*"

'Tis thirteen years; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
I hear, "*Auf Wiedersehen!*"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
The English words had seem'd too fain!
But these—they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said, "*Auf Wiedersehen!*"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapt in sleep—
Sweet spirit, meet me then!
There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide;
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam:
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel and my dream;

When stars are in the quiet skies,
  Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
  As stars look on the sea.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember,
  Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtain'd warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I play'd chess together,
  Checkmated by each other's eyes?
Ah, still I see your soft white hand
  Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand;
The double Castles guard the wings;
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
  Moves sidling through the fight.
Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
  And falter; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow, her soldiery all between,
  And checks me unaware.
Ah me! the little battle's done,
Dispersed is all its chivalry;
Full many a game with Fortune play'd,—
What is it we have won?
This, this at least—if this alone;—

That never, never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise),
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world, and wintry weather,
And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we play'd, together!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON

TO BEATRICE,

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

THE girl I love is just fourteen,
With face so sweet and bright.
I think about her all the day,
I dream of her at night.
She never knows—how can she know?—
That I'm her lover true;
For I sit with the Bluecoat Boys,
And she's in the Squire's pew.
Yet still I strive her glance to meet—
Her eyes are large and gray—
There's only half a church between,
But what a world away, my dear,
Oh what a world away!

I watch her when the psalms begin,
Singing so earnestly;
And I am sure I heard her voice
Ring through the chant to me.
I watch her when the vicar reads,

"By the great pillar as she sits, she looks so slight and fair."

And when we kneel to pray;
There's only half a church between,
But what a world away, my dear,
Oh what a world away!

By the great pillar as she sits,
She looks so slight and fair;
The light of the stained window falls
Upon her yellow hair,

A bar of glowing amethyst;
And to myself I say:
There's only half a church between,
But what a world away, my dear,
Oh what a world away!

If I were rich and I were free,
How great would be my joy!
I'd be a grand Etonian,
And not a Bluecoat Boy.
Yet there she sits, her smile I know,
Her smile I met to-day;
There's only half a church between,
But what a world away, my dear,
Ah what a world away!

MAY KENDALL

WE MET, 'TWAS IN A CROWD.

WE met—'twas in a crowd—
And I thought he would shun me;
He came—I could not breathe,
For his eye was upon me;
He spoke, his words were cold,
And his smile was unaltered;
I knew how much he felt,
For his deep-toned voice falter'd;
I wore my bridal robe,
And I rival'd its whiteness!
Bright gems were in my hair,
How I hated their brightness!

He called me by my
name—
As the bride of an-
other—
Oh! *thou* hast been the
cause
Of this anguish, my
mother!

"We met—'twas in a crowd,
And I thought he would shun me.'

And once again we
met,
And a fair girl was
near him;
He smil'd and whis-
per'd low,
As I once used to
hear him;
She leant upon his arm—
Once 'twas mine, and mine only—
I wept, for I deserved
To feel wretched and lonely;
And she will be his bride!
At the altar he'll give her
The love that was too pure
For a heartless deceiver;
The world may think me gay,
For my feelings I smother—
Oh! *thou* hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother!

T. Haynes Bailey.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho, pretty page with the dimpled chin
That never has known the barber's shear,

"PRETTY PAGE WITH THE DIMPLED CHIN."

All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
  Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window-panes,—
  Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
  Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
  Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
  All good fellows whose beards are gray,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
  Ever a month was pass'd away?

The reddest lips that ever have kiss'd,
  The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be miss'd,
  Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier!
  How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
  Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE MANLY HEART.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well-disposéd nature
Joinéd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her merit's value known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of Best;
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?

Those that bear a noble mind
When they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER.

COULD I HER FAULTS REMEMBER.

COULD I her faults remember,
Forgetting every charm,
Soon would impartial Reason
The tyrant Love disarm.

But when, enraged, I number
Each failing of her mind,
Love, still, suggests each beauty,
And sees, while Reason's blind.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

TAKE, OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

TAKE, oh take those lips away
  That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow
  Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
  Are yet of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

MADRIGAL.

TELL me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishéd?
  Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell,
  —Ding, dong, bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;

And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace

Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face—
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON.

MAID OF ATHENS.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge,
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;

By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζῶη μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

"Maid of Athens."

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.—
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Lord Byron.

PALABRAS CARIÑOSAS.

(Spanish Air.)

GOOD-NIGHT! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto that fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braided hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say Good-night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieus. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago—
What, both these snowy hands! ah, then
I'll have to say Good-night again!

T. B. ALDRICH.

"In a Gondola."

IN A GONDOLA.

I.

THE moth's kiss, first !
  Kiss me as if you made believe
  You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
  Its petals up ; so, here and there
  You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

II.

The bee's kiss, now !
  Kiss me as if you entered gay
  My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dares not disallow
  The claim, so all is rendered up,
  And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

ROBERT BROWNING.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They've hush'd the minster bell:
The organ 'gins to swell:
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast:
She comes—she's here—she's past—
May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturb'd, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,

Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

NOCTURNE.

BELLAGGIO.

UP to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white-rose lover,
She reaches out her hand,
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lips she holds him,
And kisses him many a time—
Ah, me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb!

T. B. ALDRICH.

SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW.

SHE is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.

"HER VERY FROWNS ARE FAIRER FAR
THAN SMILES OF OTHER MAIDENS ARE."

Oh then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

A DITTY.

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

FIDELE.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

STANZAS.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly."

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round !

EDMUND WALLER.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight,
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To hunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature, not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food—
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;

A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love, with unconfinèd wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair;
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes, that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like, confinèd I
With shriller note shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,

Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

BEAUTY AND TIME.

THE Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
"He is old—so old! And he soon will die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread, and spread, till her heart lay bare;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—
"He is older now. He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them softly under the mould.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener Time.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

WHEN SHE COMES HOME.

WHEN she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome; I shall tremble—yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
Then silence: And the perfume of her dress;
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight—soulsight, even—for a space;
And tears—yes; and the ache here in the throat,
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S.

(A proper new ballad of the country and the town.)

THE ladies of St. James's
  Go swinging to the play;
Their footmen run before them,
  With a "Stand by! Clear the way!"
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  She takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
  Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's
  Wear satin on their backs;
They sit all night at Ombre,
  With candles all of wax:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  She dons her russet gown
And runs to gather May dew
  Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's
  They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays forever,
  Their red it never dies:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Her color comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily,
  It wavers to a rose.

"And runs to gather May dew before the world is down."

The ladies of St. James's
With "Mercy!" and with "Lud!"
They season all their speeches
(They come of noble blood):
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her shy and simple words
Are sweet as, after rain drops,
The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's
They have their fits and freaks;
They smile on you—for seconds,
They frown on you—for weeks:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide
Is always true—and mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida!
I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James's
And give me all to keep;
I care not whose the beauties
Of all the world may be,
For Phyllida—for Phyllida
Is all the world to me!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LIGHT.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies,
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have miss'd me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kiss'd me!

LEIGH HUNT.

SHE WAS A BEAUTY.

RONDEL.

SHE was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President;
And quite coquettish in her ways—
On conquests of the heart intent.

Grandpapa, on his right knee bent,
Wooed her in stiff, old-fashioned phase—
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

And when your roses where hers went
Shall go, my Rose, who date from Hayes,
I hope you'll wear her sweet content
Of whom tradition lightly says :
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

H. C. Bunner.

TOUJOURS AMOUR.

Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age does Love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair;
When didst learn a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!

"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you if I try.
'Tis so long I can't remember:
Ask some younger lass than I!"

Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled-Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary Love expire,
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?
Care you still soft hands to press,
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
When does Love give up the chase?
Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled-Face!

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
"Youth may pass, and strength may die;
But of Love I can't foretoken:
Ask some older sage than I!"

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

WHAT BARD, O TIME, DISCOVER.

WHAT bard, O Time, discover
With wings first made thee move!
Ah! sure he was some lover
Who ne'er had left his love!
For who that once did prove
The pangs which absence brings,
Tho' but one day
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings?

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

TO CELIA.

I.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

II.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

BEN JONSON.

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN.

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;

"HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN."

Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove
An excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;
Now to the maid who has none, sir;

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove
An excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove
An excuse for the glass.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove
An excuse for the glass.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;

To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows,
As one may see the burden'd bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours,
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,

And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might all be poetry,
And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

O MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

O MY Luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

"My Luve's like a red, red rose."

And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns.

THE WELCOME.

I.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;

The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

II.

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them!
Or, after you've kiss'd them, they'll lie on my bosom;

I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
Oh, your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

III.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy;
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
Oh, she'll whisper you,—"Love, as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming;
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

TOO LATE I STAYED.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime—
Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers!

And who, with clear account, remarks
The ebbings of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?

ROBERT WILLIAM SPENCER.

A NICE CORRESPONDENT.

THE glow and the glory are plighted
To darkness, for evening is come;

The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted ;
The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb.
I'm alone at my casement, for Pappy
Is summoned to dinner at Kew :
I'm alone, my dear Fred, but I'm happy,—
I'm thinking of you.

"I'M THINKING OF YOU."

I wish you were here. Were I duller
Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear ;
I am dressed in your favorite color,—
Dear Fred, how I wish you were here !

I am wearing my lazuli necklace.
The necklace you fastened askew!
Was there ever so rude or so reckless
A darling as you?

I want you to come and pass sentence
On two or three books with a plot;
Of course you know "Janet's Repentance"?
I'm reading Sir Waverley Scott,
The story of Edgar and Lucy,
How thrilling, romantic, and true;
The master (his bride was a goosey!)
Reminds me of you.

To-day, in my ride, I've been crowning
The beacon; its magic still lures,
For there you discoursed about Browning
That stupid old Browning of yours.
His vogue and his verve are alarming,
I'm anxious to give him his due;
But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming
A poet as you.

I heard how you shot at The Beeches,
I saw how you rode Chanticleer,
I have read the report of your speeches,
And echoed the echoing cheer.
There's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,
I envy their owners, I do!
Small marvel that Fortune is making
Her idol of you.

Alas for the world, and its dearly-
Bought triumph, and fugitive bliss!
Sometimes I half wish I were merely
A plain or a penniless miss;
But perhaps one is best with a measure
Of pelf, and I'm not sorry, too,
That I'm pretty, because it's a pleasure,
My dearest, to you.

Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
Your taste is for letters and art;
This rhyme is the commonplace passion
That glows in a fond woman's heart.
Lay it by in a dainty deposit
For relics,—we all have a few!—
Love, some day they'll print it, because it
Was written to you.

FREDERICK LOCKER

HER LETTER.

I'M sitting alone by the fire,
Dress'd just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken ;
I left in the midst of a set ;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
And then he adores me indeed ;
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

" And how do I like my position ?"
" And what do I think of New York ?"
" And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk ?"
" And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that ?"
" And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat ?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The " finest *soirée* of the year,"

In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festoon'd over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*,
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate:
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low),
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finish'd" by travel—
Whatever's the meaning of that—
Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night—here's the end of my paper;
Good-night—if the longitude please—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

F. Bret Harte.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
Oh I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said—

(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it!)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said —
(How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'er-head,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

Had he moved aside but a little way,
I could surely then have passed him;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
(How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;

For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling.
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept out when the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry my secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the soul-speaking lips of my lover;
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover,
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

HOMER GREENE.

A MIDSUMMER SONG.

OH, father's gone to market-town, he was up before the day,
And Jamie's after robins, and the man is making hay,

And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill,
While mother from the kitchen-door is calling with a will,
"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?"

From all the misty morning air there comes a summer sound,—
A murmur as of waters from skies, and trees and ground.
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and coo,
And over hill and hollow rings again the loud halloo:
"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?"

Above the trees the honey-bees swarm by with buzz and boom,
And in the field and garden a thousand blossoms bloom.
Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed daisy blows,
And down at the edge of the hollow a red and thorny rose.
But Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?

How strange at such a time of day the mill should stop its clatter!

The farmer's wife is listening now and wonders
what's the matter.
Oh, wild the birds are singing in the wood and on
the hill,
While whistling up the hollow goes the boy that
minds the mill.
But Polly !—Polly !—The cows are in the corn !
Oh, where's Polly ?

R. W. GILDER.

THE INDIAN WEED.

THIS Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay—
All flesh is hay :
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak ;
Thou art e'en such—
Gone with a touch :
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Thou then behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff—
Gone with a puff :
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin :

For then the fire
It does require :
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away,
Thou, to thyself thou mayest say
That to the dust
Return thou must :
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

ANON.

MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,
Is still desirous to grow richer;
Give me but health, I'll ask no more,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare,
My girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer?
Possessed of these, a fig for care,
My own sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that, when I came home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare,
My girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer?
Possessed of these, a fig for care,
My own sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

"IF THAT, WHEN I CAME HOME AT EVE, I MIGHT ENJOY MY FRIEND AND PITCHER."

Though fortune ever shuns my door,
I know not what can thus bewitch her:

With all my heart I can be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare,
My girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer?
Possessed of these, a fig for care,
My own sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

O'Keefe.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

My coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and jewell'd load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's chains and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet!—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and call'd them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dress'd all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnish'd with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he look'd like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laugh'd when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spake not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turn'd with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

AT THE HEARTHSIDE.

His children early laid away,
His hearthside bright and still,
The farmer's frowns are all that say
The day has brought him ill.

The mother slowly strokes her arms,
Unsleeved and plump and fair;
In vain you'd try a hundred farms,
To find her equal there.

She softly nears the chimney nook
Before she ventures more:
So waters of a sunny brook
Do woo the moody shore.

If he, if he but lift his face—
The hearth flames quicken, spring;
A yielding smile, his old embrace,
And wife and kettle sing.

John Vance Cheney.

LITTLE THEOCRITUS.

Ye white Sicilian goats, who wander all
About the slopes of this wild mountain pass,
Take heed your horny footsteps do not fall
Upon the baby dreamer in the grass.

Let him lie there, half waking, and rejoice
In the safe shelter of his resting-place,
In hearing of his shepherd father's voice,
In reach of fruity clusters o'er his face.

Look up, sweet baby eyes, look up on high,
To where Olympus merges in the blue.
There dwell the deathless gods in majesty,
The gods, who hold a mighty gift for you.

Those little clinging hands shall write, one day,
Rare, golden words, to lift the hearts of men;
Those curling, downy locks shall wear the bay,
A crown that they shall never lose again.

Little Theocritus! Look up and smile,
Immortal child, for there are coming years,
When the great busy world shall pause awhile,
To listen to your singing through its tears.

CAROLINE W. FELLOWES PARADISE.

PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities:

Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With Love's invisible sceptre laden ;
I am thine Esther to command
Till thou shalt find a queen-hand-maiden,
Philip, my king !

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king !
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crown'd, and there
Sittest, love-glorified !—Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair ;
For we that love, ah ! we love so blindly,
Philip, my king !

Up from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my king !
The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer
Let me behold thee in future years !
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king—

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my king !
Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray ;

"PHILIP, MY KING!"

Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the king!"

DINAH MULOCH CRAIK.

BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting, when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CRADLE SONG.

WHAT is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt.
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
When the summers go;—
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?—

Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony,—
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Speckled with the barks of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!
  What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
  What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
  What does he think of his mother's breast—
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
  Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
    Though she murmur the words
    Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
Over his brow, and over his lips,
Out to his little finger tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! down he goes!
See! He is hushed in sweet repose:

J. G. Holland.

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh come back to me!"

Her beads while she number'd,
The baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"Oh, blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee!"

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;

"SWEET AND LOW, SWEET AND LOW."

And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering
with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

"SWEET AND LOW."

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

WHEN I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LITTLE MAMMA.

WHY is it the children don't love me
As they do mamma?
That they put her ever above me—
"Little mamma"?
I'm sure I do all that I can do.
What more can a rather big man do,
Who can't be mamma—
Little mamma?

Any game that the tyrants suggest,
"Logomachy,"—which I detest,—
Doll-babies, hop-scotch, or base-ball,
I'm always on hand at the call.

When Noah and the others embark,
I'm the elephant saved in the ark.
I creep, and I climb, and I crawl—
By turns am the animals all.
For the show on the stair
I'm always the bear,
The chimpanzee, or the kangaroo.
It is never, "Mamma,—
Little mamma,—
Won't you?"

My umbrella's the pony, if any—
None ride on mamma's parasol:
I'm supposed to have always the penny
For bon-bons, and beggars, and all.
My room is the one where they clatter—
Am I reading, or writing, what matter!
My knee is the one for a trot,
My foot is the stirrup for Dot.
If his fractions get into a snarl
Who straightens the tangles for Karl?
Who bounds Massachusetts and Maine,
And tries to bound flimsy old Spain?
Why,
It is I,
Papa,—
Not little mamma!

That the youngsters are ingrates don't say.
I think they love me—in a way—

As one does the old clock on the stair,—
Any curious, cumbrous affair
That one's used to having about,
And would feel rather lonely without.
I think that they love me, I say,
In a sort of tolerant way;
But it's plain that papa
Isn't little mamma.

Thus when shadows come stealing anear,
And things in the firelight look queer;
When shadows the play-room enwrap,
They never climb into my lap
And toy with *my* head, smooth and bare,
As they do with mamma's shining hair;
Nor feel round my throat and my chin
For dimples to put fingers in;
Nor lock my neck in a loving vise,
And say they're "mousies"—that's mice—
And will nibble my ears,
Will nibble and bite
With their little mice-teeth, so sharp and so white,
If I do not kiss them this very minute—
Don't-wait-a-bit-but-at-once-begin-it.—
Dear little papa!
That's what they say and do to mamma.

If, mildly hinting, I quietly say that
Kissing's a game that more can play at,
They turn up at once those innocent eyes,
And I suddenly learn to my great surprise

That my face has "prickles"—
My mustache tickles.
If storming their camp, I seize a pert shaver,
And take as a right what was asked as a favor,
It is, "O papa,
How horrid you are—
You taste exactly like a cigar!"

But though the rebels protest and pout,
And make a pretence of driving me out,
I hold, after all, the main redoubt,—
Not by force of arms nor the force of will,
But the power of love, which is mightier still.
And very deep in their hearts, I know,
Under the saucy and petulant "oh,"
The doubtful "yes," or the naughty "no,"
They love papa.

And down in the heart that no one sees,
Where I hold my feasts and my jubilees,
I know that I would not abate one jot
Of the love that is held by my little Dot
Or my great big boy for their little mamma,
Though out in the cold it crowded papa.
I would not abate it the tiniest whit,
And I am not jealous the least little bit;
For I'll tell you a secret: Come, my dears,
And I'll whisper it—right-into-your-ears—
I too love mamma,
Little mamma!

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

EVEN THERE.

A TROOP of babes in summer land,
At heaven's gate—the children's gate:
One lifts the latch with rosy hand,
Then turns and dimpling, asks her mate—

"What was the last thing that you saw?"
"I lay and watched the dawn begin,
And suddenly, thro' the thatch of straw,
A great, clear morning star laughed in."

"And you?" "A floating thistle down,
Against June sky and cloud wings white."
"And you?" "A falling blow, a frown—
It frights me yet; oh, clasp me tight!"

"And you?" "A face thro' tears that smiled"—
The trembling lips could speak no more;
The blue eyes swam; the lonely child
Was homesick even at heaven's door.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

MARSH SONG.

OVER the monstrous shambling sea,
Over the Caliban sea,
Bright Ariel-cloud, thou lingerest:
Oh wait, oh wait, in the warm red West,—
Thy Prospero I'll be.

Over the humped and fishy sea,
Over the Caliban sea,
O cloud in the West, like a thought in the heart
Of pardon, loose thy wing, and start,
And do a grace for me.

Over the huge and huddling sea,
Over the Caliban sea,
Bring hither my brother Antonio,—Man,—
My injurer: night breaks the ban;
Brother, I pardon thee.

SIDNEY LANIER.

"SEEK'ST THOU THE PLASHY BRINK OF WEEDY LAKE."

TO A WATER-FOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my heart,
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE SANDPIPER.

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their heads for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery;

He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye ;
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously ?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright ;
To what warm shelter canst thou fly ?
I do not fear for thee though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky ;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I.

CELIA THAXTER.

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDER'D by the brookside,
I wander'd by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still:
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watch'd the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer
I did not feel afraid;

For I listen'd for a footfall,
I listen'd for a word;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;

The evening air pass'd by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer, nearer—
We did not speak one word;
But the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES
(LORD HOUGHTON).

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadow'd main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wreck'd is the ship of pearl!
And every chamber'd cell,

Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies reveal'd,—
Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unseal'd!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek ;—
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone !
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
  Let me chase thy waving lines :
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
  Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion !
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall ;
And, with softness touching all
Tints the human countenance
With the color of romance ;
And infusing subtle heats
Turns the sod to violets,—

Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot Midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catch-fly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among:
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he pass'd.
Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breech'd philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
  Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
  Leave the chaff and take the wheat.

When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE IVY GREEN.

OH! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decay'd,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim Death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decay'd,
And nations have scatter'd been ;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.

The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past ;

For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where Time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

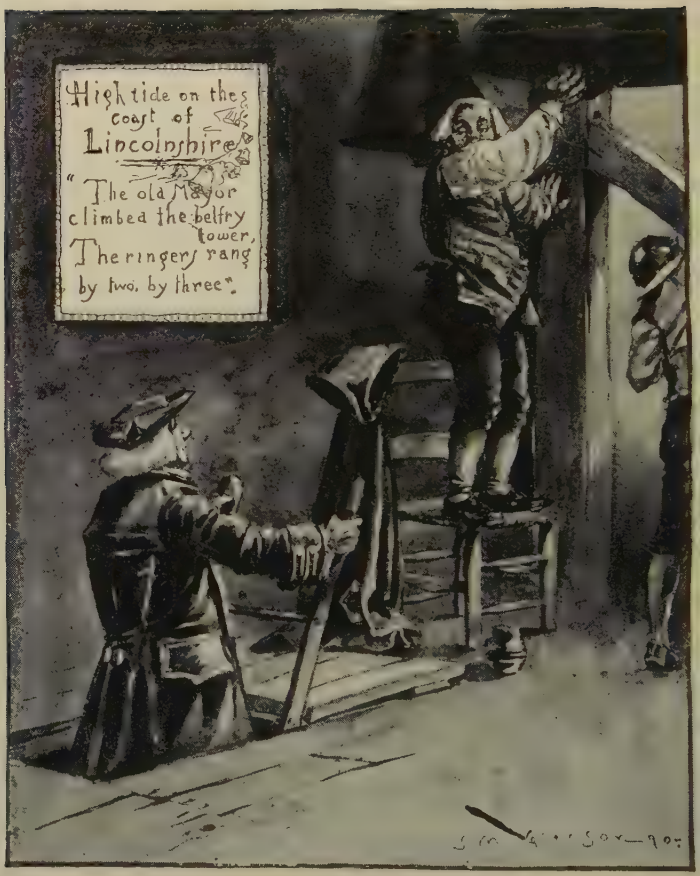
CHARLES DICKENS.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE. (1571.)

THE old mayor climb'd the belfry tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pull'd before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe, 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.



"THE OLD MAYOR CLIMBED THE BELFRY TOWER."

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking-song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow-grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherd-lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
  Came riding down with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
  Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,
  The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
  Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds her way,
  With her two bairns I mark'd her long,
And ere yon bells beganne to play
  Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
  For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre rear'd his crest,
  And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud,
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward press'd
  Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
  Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
  The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
  Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sate that night,
  The noise of bells went sweeping by,
I mark'd the lofty beacon light
  Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
  From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
  And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moan'd beneath his breath,
"Oh come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee;
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,

Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

JEAN INGELOW.

BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle-walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh hark! oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

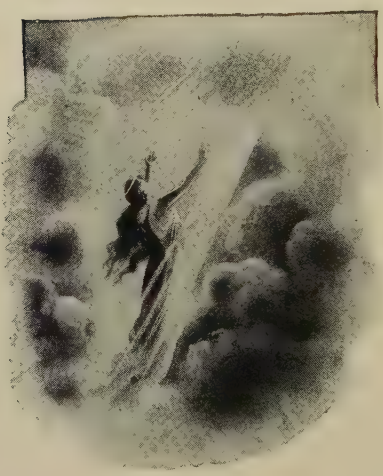
O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ST. AGNES.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapor goes:
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.



"He lifts me to the golden doors."

Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, Thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below,

And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

Alfred Tennyson.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven:
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet:
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over powered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MOTHER AND POET.

(Turin. After news from Gaeta, 1861.)

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at *me!*

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said.
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh vain!
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,
And *I* proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman? to hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees,
And 'broider the long clothes and neat little coat
To dream and to dote.

To teach them . . . It stings there. *I* made them indeed
Speak plain the word "country." *I* taught them, no doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful
eyes!
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the sur-
prise,
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps,
then one kneels!
—God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp-life and glory and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be
spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green-laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the
street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
—My Guido was dead!—I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it—friends soothed me: my grief looked
sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the
time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us
strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, — shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.
One loved me for two . . . would be with me ere long:
And "Viva Italia" *he* died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint.

My Nanni would add "he was safe and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was imprest
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear.
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest."

On which without pause up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta: —
Shot.
Tell his mother, Ah, ah, — "his," "their" mother: not "mine."
No voice says "*my* mother" again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,
They drop earth's affection, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of Thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall.
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When your guns of Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short,—

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
When *you* have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And I have my dead,)

What then? Do not mock me! Ah, ring your bells low,

And burn your lights faintly. *My* country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow.
My Italy's there—with my brave civic Pair,
To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn.
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wail such as this!—and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

Dead!—one of them shot by the sea in the west!
And one of them shot in the east by the sea!
Both! both my boys!—If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at *me!*

E. B. BROWNING.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belch'd its thunder.

"And Irish Nora's eyes are dim."

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recall'd a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Wash'd off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burn'd
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learn'd
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rain'd on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honor'd rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

ODE.

(Sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867.)

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves,—
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause,

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

HENRY TIMROD.

TO LUCASTA,

On Going to the Wars.

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honor more.

Richard Lovelace.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,—
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;

He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
  Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
  And, with a natural sigh,—
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
  For there's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plough,
  The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
  Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
  With wonder-waiting eyes,—
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
  "Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
  I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,—
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl!" quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the duke
Who this great fight did win."

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

(Abraham Lincoln, died April 15, 1865.)

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead!

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
nor will:
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with ob-
ject won:
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except, now and then, a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

* * * * * * *

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping,
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

"A RIFLEMAN HID IN THE THICKET."

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother; may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then, drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty for ever!

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

YOU know we French storm'd Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
  Legs wide, arms lock'd behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
  Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
  That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
  Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
  A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
  Until he reach'd the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
  And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy;
  You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compress'd,
  Scarce any blood came through)
You look'd twice ere you saw his breast
  Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
  We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
  And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
  Where I, to heart's desire,
Perch'd him!" The chief's eye flash'd; his plans
  Soar'd up again like fire.

"Emperor, by God's grace, we've got you Ratisbon!"

The chief's eye flash'd, but presently
Soften'd itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touch'd to the quick, he said,
"I'm kill'd, sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

"THE SHEEN OF THEIR SPEARS WAS LIKE STARS ON THE SEA,
THAT HOST ON THE MORROW LAY WITHER'D AND STROWN."

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail ;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

LORD BYRON.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears,
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebb'd away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier falter'd as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land ;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done

Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.
And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage,
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again with glad and gallant tread,

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister: in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,
O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning;
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison),
I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vineclad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear,
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we pass'd with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remember'd walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine;
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser—his grasp was childish weak—
His eyes put on a dying look—he sigh'd and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she look'd down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seem'd to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

CAROLINE NORTON.

BEFORE SEDAN.

("The dead hand clasped a letter."—*Special Correspondence.*)

HERE, in this leafy place,
  Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
  Turned to the skies;
'Tis but another dead;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
  Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
  Over men's graves:
So this man's eye is dim;—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
  There, at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
  Tight ere he died;—
Message or wish, maybe;—
Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
  Here could have smiled!—
Only the tremulous
  Words of a child;—
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss.
  Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;
  Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
  Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
  Slept with the slain!
If the grief died;—But no;—
Death will not have it so.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

MARTHY VIRGINIA'S HAND.

"THERE, on the left!" said the colonel: the battle
  had shuddered and faded away,
Wraith of a fiery enchantment that left only ashes
  and blood-sprinkled clay—
"Ride to the left and examine that ridge, where the
  enemy's sharpshooters stood.
Lord, how they picked off our men, from the treach-
  erous vantage-ground of the wood!
But for their bullets, I'll bet, my batteries sent them
  something as good.
Go and explore, and report to me then, and tell me
  how many we killed.
Never a wink shall I sleep till I know our vengeance
  was duly fulfilled."

Fiercely the orderly rode down the slope of the corn-
field—scarred and forlorn,
Rutted by violent wheels, and scathed by the shot
that had plowed it in scorn;
Fiercely, and burning with wrath for the sight of
his comrades crushed at a blow,
Flung in broken shapes on the ground like ruined
memorials of woe;
These were the men whom at daybreak he knew,
but never again could know.
Thence to the ridge, where roots outthrust, and
twisted branches of trees
Clutched the hill like clawing lions, firm their prey
to seize.

"What's your report?" and the grim colonel smiled
when the orderly came back at last.
Strangely the soldier paused: "Well, they were
punished." And strangely his face looked,
aghast.
"Yes, our fire told on them; knocked over fifty—
laid out in line of parade.
Brave fellows, Colonel, to stay as they did! But
one I 'most wished hadn't stayed.
Mortally wounded, he'd torn off his knapsack; and
then, at the end, he prayed—
Easy to see, by his hands that were clasped; and
the dull, dead fingers yet held
This little letter—his wife's—from the knapsack.
A pity those woods were shelled!"

Silent the orderly, watching with tears in his eyes
as his officer scanned
Four short pages of writing. "What's this, about
'Marthy Virginia's hand'?"
Swift from his honeymoon he, the dead soldier, had
gone from his bride to the strife;
Never they met again, but she had written him,
telling of that new life,
Born in the daughter, that bound her still closer and
closer to him as his wife.
Laying her baby's hand down on the letter, around
it she traced a rude line:
"If you would kiss the baby," she wrote, "you must
kiss this outline of mine."

There was the shape of the hand on the page, with
the small, chubby fingers outspread.
"Marthy Virginia's hand, for her pa,"—so the words
on the little palm said.
Never a wink slept the colonel that night, for the
vengeance so blindly fulfilled,
Never again woke the old battle-glow when the bul-
lets their death-note shrilled.
Long ago ended the struggle, in union of brother-
hood happily stilled;
Yet from that field of Antietam, in warning and
token of love's command,
See! there is lifted the hand of a baby—Marthy
Virginia's hand!

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

"AS HIS CORSE TO THE RAMPART WE HURRIED."

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we knew by the distant random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone in his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

IN MEMORY OF GEN. PHILIP KEARNEY.
KILLED SEPT. 1, 1862.

CLOSE his eyes, his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep for ever and for ever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the Hand that made him.
Mortal love sweeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

GEORGE H. BOKER.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

ON a lone barren isle, where the wild roaring billow
Assails the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willow,
Like fond weeping mourners, leans over the grave.
The lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle,
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

Oh, shade of the mighty, where now are the legions,
That rush'd but to conquer when thou led'st them on;
Alas! they have perish'd in far hilly regions,
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone.

The trumpet may sound and the loud cannon rattle,
They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain ;
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again.

Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
For like thine own eagle, that soar'd to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee,
A name which before thee no mortal had won.
Tho' nations may combat, and war's thunders rattle,
No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain ;
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

HENRY S. WASHBURN.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea—
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast—
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high—
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud—
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free;
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A SEA DIRGE.

FULL fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange;
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—
Ding, dong, Bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"Merry men are we."

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling—
For Death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty;
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed—
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted;
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly—
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDIN

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
"Oh, where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?"

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked by the billows to and fro,
Soon as the well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
The cord flies swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall always true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear,—
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;

No longer she must stay on board,—
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
"Adieu!" she cried, and waved her lily hand.

JOHN GAY.

THE TEMPEST.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in Winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder: "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand:
"Isn't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

IF ALL WERE RAIN AND NEVER SUN.

IF all were rain and never sun,
No bow could span the hill;

"IF ALL WERE RAIN AND NEVER SUN."

If all were sun and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day,
Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so,—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence join'd anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered:
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too!
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought—
  One purpose hold where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
  At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
  Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
  Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
  From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
  Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
  Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
  To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
  To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
  Whose weal and woe were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
  Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essay'd it,
  And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fix'd too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

IN a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature revelled in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,

Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
O, the long, long centuries since that day!
O, the agony, O, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless! Lost! There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

MARY BOLLES BRANCH.

TWO WOMEN.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight-tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair,—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

"AND SLOWLY THERE A LADY FAIR WAS WALKING IN HER PRIDE."

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold.
And the rich came not to woo,—
But honored well are charms to sell,
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair,—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail,—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

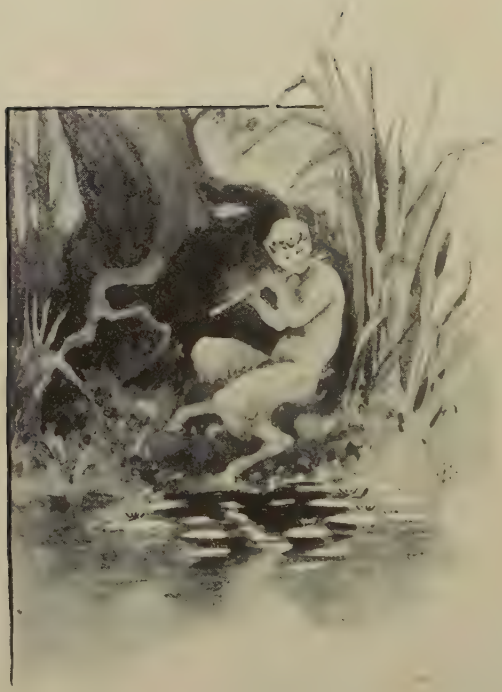
No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river:
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.



SWEET, SWEET, SWEET, O PAN, PIERCING SWEET BY THE RIVER!"

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sate by the river.

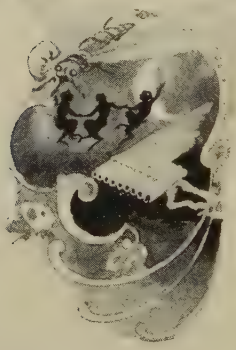
"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river,)
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:

The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,—
For the reed which grows never more again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



CUI BONO.

WHAT is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet.
'Tis not here,—still yonder, yonder:
Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with cunning shore.
Gay we sail. It melts beneath us:
We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby,
Vainly strives and fights and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is what he gets.

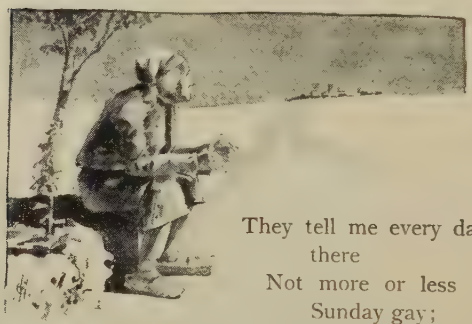
THOMAS CARLYLE.

CARCASSONNE.

(Translated from the French of Gustave Naudaud, by John R. Thompson.)

I'M growing old, I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know—
I never have seen Carcassonne.
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return, as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store:
I shall not look on Carcassonne.
I shall not look on Carcassonne!



"So crooned, one day, close by Limoux, a peasant double-bent with age."

They tell me every day is there
Not more or less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
I do not know fair Carcassonne.
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The vicar's right: he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I there two days have spent
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah, me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne.
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this, my prayer, if I offend;
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end!
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
Have travelled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne.
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double-bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him!) half-way on
The old man died upon the road,
He never gazed on Carcassonne.
Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

THE LOST LEADER.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us;
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote.
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed.
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!

We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering—not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name then—record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad, confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Aim at our heart, ere we pierce through his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

ROBERT BROWNING.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go;
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bats' flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows come back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

"He went for the cows when the work was done."

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For gloomy prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

GOING HOME.

DRAWN by horses with decorous feet,
A carriage for one went through the street,
Polished as anthracite out of the mine,
Tossing its plumes so stately and fine,
As nods to the night a Norway pine.

The passenger lay in Parian rest,
As if, by the sculptor's hand caressed.
A mortal life through the marble stole,
And then till an angel calls the roll
It waits awhile for a human soul.

He rode in state, but his carriage-fare
Was left unpaid to his only heir;
Hardly a man, from hovel to throne,
Takes to this route in coach of his own,
But borrows at last and travels alone.

The driver sat in his silent seat;
The world, as still as a field of wheat,
Gave all the road to the speechless twain,
And thought the passenger never again
Should travel that way with living men.

Not a robin held its little breath,
But sang right on in the face of death;
You never would dream, to see the sky
Give glance for glance to the violet's eye,
That aught between them could ever die.

A wain bound east met the hearse bound west,
Halted a moment, and paused abreast;
And I verily think a stranger pair
Had never met on a thoroughfare,
Or a dim by-road, or anywhere;

The hearse as slim and glossy and still
As silken thread at a woman's will,
Who watches her work with tears unshed,
Broiders a grief with needle and thread,
Mourns in pansies and cypress the dead;

Spotless the steeds in a satin dress,
That run for two worlds the Lord's Express,—
Long as the route of Arcturus's ray,
Brief as the Publicans trying to pray,
No other steeds by no other way
Could go so far in a single day.

From wagon broad and heavy and rude
A group looking out from a single hood;
Striped with the flirt of a heedless lash,
Dappled and dimmed with many a splash,
"Gathered" behind like an old calash.

It made you think of a schooner's sail
Mildewed with weather, tattered by gale,
Down "by the run" from mizzen and main,—
That canvas mapped with stipple and stain
Of western earth and the prairie rain.

The watch-dog walked in his ribs between
The hinder wheels, with sleepy mien ;
A dangling pail to the axle slung ;
Astern of the wain a manger hung,—
A schooner's boat by the davits swung.

The white-faced boys sat three in a row,
With eyes of wonder and heads of tow;
Father looked sadly over his brood ;
Mother just lifted a flap of the hood ;
All saw the hearse,—and two understood.

They thought of the one-eyed cabin small,
Hid like a nest in the grasses tall,
Where plains swept boldly off in the air,
Grooved into heaven everywhere,—
So near the stars' invisible stair

That planets and prairie almost met,—
Just cleared its edges as they set!
They thought of the level worlds "divide,"
And their hearts flowed down its other side
To the grave of the little girl that died.

They thought of childhood's neighborly hills,
With sunshine aprons and ribbons of rills,
That drew so near when the day went down,
Put on a crimson and golden crown,
And sat together in mantles brown ;

The Dawn's red plume in their winter caps,
And Night asleep in their drowsy laps,

Lightening the load of the shouldered wood
By shedding the shadows as they could,
That gathered round where the homestead stood.

They thought,—that pair in the rugged wain,
Thinking with bosom rather than brain;
They'll never know till their dying day
That what they thought and never could say,
Their hearts throbbed out in an Alpine lay,
The old Waldensian song again;
Thank God for the mountains, and amen!

The wain gave a lurch, the hearse moved on,—
A moment or two, and both were gone;
The wain bound east, the hearse bound west,
Both going home, both looking for rest.
The Lord save all, and his name be blest!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

THE OLD-FASHIONED CHOIR.

I HAVE fancied sometimes, the old Bethel-bent beam,
That tumbled to earth in the Patriarch's dream,
Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest
From the pillow of stone to the Blue of the Blest,
And the angels descending to dwell with us here,
"Old Hundred" and "Corinth" and "China" and
"Mear."

All the hearts are not dead, nor under the sod,
That those breaths can blow open to Heaven and
God!

Ah, "Silver Street" leads by a bright golden road,
—O, not to the hymns that in harmony flowed,—
But those sweet human psalms in the old-fashioned
choir,
To the girl that sang alto,—the girl that sang air!
"Let us sing in His praise," the good minister said,
All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at
"York,"
Sunned their long dotted wings in the words that
he read,
While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,
And politely picked up the key-note with a fork,
And the vicious old viol went growling along,
At the heels of the girls, in the rear of the song.

I need not a wing,—bid no genii come,
With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,
To bear me along up the river of Time,
Where the world was in rhythm and life was its
rhyme;
Where the stream of the years flowed so noiseless
and narrow,
That across it there floated the song of the sparrow;
For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,
To the old village church and the old village choir,
Where clear of the floor my feet slowly swung
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise as they sung
Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!
You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,
Who followed by scent till he run the tune down,—

And dear sister Green, with more goodness than grace,
Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her place,
And where "Coronation" exultantly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her toes!
To the land of the leal they have gone with their song,
Where the choir and the chorus together belong.
O, be lifted, ye Gates! Let me hear them again,
Blessed song, blessed Sabbath, forever Amen!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mockbird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hillslope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing fill'd her breast,—

"'Thanks!' said the judge, 'a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.'"

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still;

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble heart's bright glow,
He watch'd a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

POOR lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes!
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse!
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,

"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May Day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window, and her shoes.

May is passing:
'Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild south-wester mischief brew
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes

'Tis November.
Now no tears her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fisherman,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Wear and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty summers ;—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sail o'er the sea :
Hapless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

LUCY LARCOM.

LANGLEY LANE.

IN all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?
Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above, the still blue sky
Where the woolly-white clouds go sailing by,—
I seem to be able to see it all.

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near ;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind ;
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,

And the little live hand seems to stir and speak ;—
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear,
And I am older by summers three,—
Why should we hold one another so dear?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call!
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly,—
Yet know she is gazing upon them all!

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash! splash! down the dusty row ;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine ;
And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see,—
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine.

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Hath not my soul an eye to see?
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,

That I only hear as they pass around ;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind,—
I made it of music long ago :
Strange large eyes, and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow ;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer
(I know the fancy is only vain),
I should pray, just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane ;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street,—
It is better to be as we have been,—
Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.

Ah ! life is pleasant in Langley Lane !
There is always something sweet to hear,—
Chirping of birds or patter of rain,
And Fanny, my little one, always near.

And though I am weakly and can't live long,
And Fanny my darling is far from strong,
And though we never can married be,—
What then?—since we hold each other so dear,
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see?

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

DE MASSA OB DE SHEEPFOL'.

DE Massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look' out in de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar' de long night rain begin;—
So he call to de hirelin' shep'a'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
So he call to de hirelin' shep'a'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

Oh, den says de hirelin' shep'a'd,
"Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
An' some, dey's po' ol' wedda's,
Dat can't come home ag'in.
Dey is los'," says de hirelin' shep'a'd,—
"But de res' dey's all brung in,
Dey is los'," says de hirelin' shep'a'd,—
"But de res' dey's all brung in."

Den de Massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guard' de sheepfol' bin,

Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar' de long night rain begin ;—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', "Come in, come in."
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', "Come in, come in."

Den up tro' de gloomerin' meadows,
Tro' de col' night rain and win',
And up tro' de gloomerin' rain-paf,
Whar' de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep o' de sheepfol,'
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
De po' los' sheep o' de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

SARAH P. MCLEAN GREENE.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud, is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
To pine on the stem ;

Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he pass'd by the door;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found

By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has press'd
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches,—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"GOOD-NIGHT, BABETTE!"

"Si vieillesse pouvait!"

SCENE.—*A small neat room. In a high Voltaire chair sits a white-haired old gentleman.*

MONSIEUR VIEUXBOIS. Babette.

M. VIEUXBOIS (*turning querulously*).

Day of my life! Where *can* she get?
Babette! I say! Babette!—Babette!!

BABETTE (*entering hurriedly*).

Coming, M'sieu'! If M'sieu' speaks
So loud he won't be well for weeks!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Where have you been?

BABETTE.

Why, M'sieu' knows:—
April! . . . Ville-d'Avray! . . . Ma'am'selle Rose!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Ah! I am old,—and I forget.
Was the place growing green, Babette?

BABETTE.

But of a greenness!—yes, M'sieu'!
And then the sky so blue!—so blue!
And when I dropped my *immortelle*,
How the birds sang!
(*Lifting her apron to her eyes.*)
This poor Ma'am'selle!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

You're a good girl, Babette, but she,—
She was an angel, verily.
Sometimes I think I see her yet
Stand smiling by the cabinet;
And once, I know, she peeped and laughed
Betwixt the curtains. . . .
Where's the draught?
(*She gives him a cup.*)
Now I shall sleep, I think, Babette;—
Sing me your Norman chansonnette.

BABETTE (*sings*).

"*Once at the Angelus*
(*Ere I was dead*),
Angels all glorious

"What, was I dreaming? Where's the draught?"

Came to my Bed ;—
Angels in blue and white
Crowned on the Head."

M. VIEUXBOIS (*drowsily*).

"She was an angel." . . . "Once she laughed ". . .
What, was I dreaming ?
Where's the draught ?

BABETTE (*showing the empty cup*).

The draught, M'sieu' ?

M. VIEUXBOIS.

How I forget !
am so old ! But sing, Babette !

BABETTE (*sings*).

" One was the Friend I left
Stark in the snow ;
One was the Wife that died
Long,—long ago ;
One was the Love I lost. . . .
How could she know ?"

M. VIEUXBOIS (*murmuring*).

Ah, Paul ! . . . Old Paul ! . . . Eulalie too !
And Rose. . . . And O ! "the sky so blue !"

BABETTE (*sings*).

" One had my Mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild ;
One had my Father's face,
One was a Child ;

All of them bent to me,—
Bent down and smiled!"
(He is asleep!)

M. VIEUXBOIS (*almost inaudibly*).
"How I forget!"
"I am so old!" . . . "Good-night, Babette!"

AUSTIN DOBSON.